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exercise an authority, which, he by no means possesses. The wife is bound to him during life, but at his death, every such bond is broken, and the union completely dissolved. He has therefore no right to attempt by his will to restrict her future conduct.

In all cases, therefore, the dictates of reason and justice, undoubtedly is, that a husband in his Testament provides for his wife with the same disinterested view to her happiness, that actuates his conduct towards one of his children. It may be, and is in many instances imprudent to leave much in the unlimited power of a child; and in such cases, the cautious parent will accompany his bequest, with necessary restrictions. A similar conduct may, no doubt be sometimes necessary, from a husband towards his widow. She may require the superintendence of a guardian or some limitation in the enjoyment of a legacy. But, as the consideration of a husband, "*a stranger*" obtaining absolute authority over the fortune of a daughter, never induces the parent to prohibit altogether her marriage; so neither ought the thought, that a second husband may participate in the after happiness of a widow, cause the first to make such arrangements at his death, as may prevent her from again marrying. A wife is a man's tenderest, and dearest relative; every thing, even in a remote degree connected with her happiness, must therefore be dear to him: and I am persuaded if sensible husbands would impartially consider the subject, they would, instead of lessening their legacies to prevent the after marriages of their widows, rejoice at the consideration of having it in their power to enable them to form advantageous, and respectable matrimonial connections. Such a thought, could we deliver ourselves from the tyranny

of prejudice and custom, must afford the most grateful solace to the heart wrung with anguish at leaving disconsolate, and unprotected the object of our fondest affections. Having made every arrangement in his power for filling up the breach his death is about to make, in the peace and happiness of her he loves, the dying husband, could safely commit her future felicity to the superintending providence of the Almighty, conscious of having done to her his duty, and freed from every anxiety respecting her, he may without distraction of mind, prepare for that kingdom, in which they neither marry, nor are given in marriage; but, where he may one day hope again to meet her, and as the angels of God, enjoy for ever and ever those pure pleasures, that are to be found in the favour and immediate presence of the Almighty.

SHANESBOROUGH.

Reconnoitering-Hill, Dec. 11th 1811.

To the Proprietors of the Belfast Magazine.

REMARKS ON SOME POEMS ON THE
DEATH OF DR. PERCY, BISHOP OF
DROMORE.

—————"When the Doctor died,
Apollo whimper'd and the muses *cried*;
Parnassus mop'd for days, in business slack,
And like a hearse, the hill was hung in
black,

Minerva, sighing for her fav'rite son,
Pronounc'd, with lengthen'd face, *the world*
undone;

Her Owl too hooted in so loud a style,
That people might have heard the bird *a*
mile

Such were the *Heavenly howlings* for his
death,
As if dame nature had resign'd her breath."

PETER PINDAR.

I HAVE been very much amused in reading the various poems published in the Newspapers, on the death of the Bishop of Dromore. He was doubtless a good man,

and deserved praise for many amiable qualities, yet the attempts at sublimity in the many pompous and unmeaning poems, which have been written since his death, are not very flattering tributes to his memory. During the latter years of his life, he formed a small circle of poetasters around him; he praised them, and they in return for his compliments, and his discernment of their merit, were bound in politeness to praise his literary talents. They derived consequence from being patronized by him. One of these poetasters, not wishing to cramp his genius by the regular stanza, expressed his grief in a poor imitation of Ossian. As I consider this imitation as a *literary curiosity* I shall make an extract from it. "*The sun of genius is set*—Even the elements seem sensible of thy departure: the Heavens are veiled in clouds—the skies pour forth torrents of undissembling tears—the sun (whose purity thy spotless virtues so much resembled) wraps his throne of light in the dark mists of affliction. He mourns for thy loss; and looks not abroad lest the words of the comforter should approach his ears in the moment of his tribulation. The breast of nature heaves with anguish—the herbage decays on her bosom—the trees scatter round them their green foliage, that all may view their woe-divested, deplorable condition; and saddening autumn, thoughtless of her unprotected, fading beauties, in *mental vexation*, resigns her half-worn crown to ruthless, wide-wasting winter." This may be very fine and pathetic to some readers, but to those who have not cultivated their imaginations at the expense of weakening the intellectual powers of their minds, it must appear very ridiculous. To attempt to point out the most nonsensical phrases in this extract would be a

difficult task, yet I cannot forbear making some remarks on it. The sun of genius is said to be set: surely no reflecting person would call the Bishop of Dromore the sun of genius; if he must be classed with the heavenly bodies, he rather resembled a *diminutive star*; and long after the Bishop and his poet are forgotten, many brilliant suns of genius will illumine the world. It was fortunate for this writer that the Bishop died in the beginning of winter; if he had died in spring the trees would have not been so complaisant as to have shed their leaves to testify their grief. The skies indeed might have *cried*, as in this country a shower of rain is no uncommon circumstance. To hear that the sun has *ears* is a novel piece of intelligence, and as even the smallest discovery may be useful to mankind, I hope if this writer has exactly ascertained the particular shape of the sun, he will not let the world remain ignorant of his discovery.

The eyes of some of the Bishop's enthusiastic admirers seem to have been dazzled by the union of poetic talents and the mitre, but those persons who estimate characters by their intrinsic value, cannot join in the extravagant flights of one of the Bishop's poets, when he says the "Muse has scattered her plumage on the ground with grief."

I should apologize for taking up so much of the valuable pages of the Magazine with this trifling subject, as some of your readers may be ready to exclaim, "why break a butterfly upon a wheel?" I have been more tedious in expressing my sentiments than I had intended, but I must beg leave to notice another poet who has written on the death of the Bishop of Dromore. This poet formerly ranked in the numerous list of the

friends of liberty, and in an energetic poem ascribed to his pen, rejoiced that when

"Light pour'd o'er the nation in one brilliant blaze,
Man saw, and his chain disappeared."

This poet's eyes are alas! become either *dim* with age, or because he is content to see with other people's eyes rather than with his own; and he once more contentedly wears *his chain*. He has taken leave of his "Harp," with the intention "of ne'er invoking it again," but as he has written some poems since he formed this resolution, I hope he means that he has taken leave of insipid, nonsensical trifles, and that instead of writing wretched doggerel on "Emperor Nap," he will once more become the enlightened, and ardent friend to liberty. Y.

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

ON THE PROGRESS OF VACCINATION,
AND THE MODE OF REMOVING PRE-
JUDICES AGAINST ITS MORE GENERAL
ADOPTION IN PRACTICE.

THE salutary effects of the cow-pox, as a preventative against that dreadful and often fatal disease, the small pox, are established on so secure a foundation, as not to be affected by a few instances of decided failure. It is certainly wrong to reject a security, which has not been found to fail so often as one in 5,000, because a very few instances of failure have occurred. Unmixed benefits are not to be looked for, in the present imperfect state of human knowledge. It is sufficient that we are able to do much to alleviate suffering and misery. Let us do what we can, and not indulge our indolence by waiting till we can gratify the highest ideal extent of our wishes.

Many of the reputed failures have occurred thro' want of careful ob-

servation in those who performed the operation. It is not sufficient to make the puncture with the lancet, and insert the vaccine matter; frequent inspections are afterwards necessary, to see that the future appearances are such as characterize the true disease, that the pustule is not of the spurious kind, or has not been prematurely broken before the disease has constitutionally affected the patient, and that the areola is properly formed. Care also is necessary to see that the sore, from want of attention, or from the effects of scratching, does not degenerate into an ugly ulcer, in the latter stages of the progress. If the needful attention is not bestowed, more injury than good may be done by the most benevolent exertions, when not directed by skill and caution. A false security may also be injudiciously given so as to produce much misery to individuals and families, and bring the practice into disrepute, if care is not taken to guard against mistakes in the various stages of the disorder by regular inspection.

Previously to making any attempts in this way, persons should acquire a theoretical knowledge of the disease, by reading the best authorities on the subject, to which they should sedulously add strict attention to obtain practical accuracy in distinguishing the different characteristics of the genuine vaccine disease. So guarded they may escape the perils of engaging in a line of quackery, a practice which in unskilful hands has produced much mischief under the benevolent design of doing good, and without a medical education, persons may be usefully employed in disseminating the benefits of vaccination among their neighbours without encroaching on the prerogatives of the faculty of medicine.

It would however be desirable to see the professors of the healing art